

# THE COLORED AMERICAN MAGAZINE

10 CENTS A MONTH

NOVEMBER, 1908

\$1.00 A YEAR.

A MONTHLY ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE  
DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS  
OF THE COLORED RACE.

## CONTENTS

|  |      |
|--|------|
| FRONTISPIECE: Portrait Hon. William Howard Taft, President Elect                               | PAGE |
| THE MONTH  | 581  |
| Supreme Court Jim Crows Bera—Of Old Slavery Days—Speaking of Slaves—The Night Riders' By-laws. |      |
| Negro Dolls for Negro Babies   | 583  |
| Litchford Hotel, Columbus, Ohio  | 585  |
| A Day at Lincoln Normal School   | 589  |
| G. P. S. Mitchell, Chief Clerk in Warden's Office, St. Anns, West Indies                       | 591  |
| In Memoriam (Story)  | 593  |
| Paul Laurence Dunbar (Poem)  | 599  |
| John Jasper and His Ideas  | 600  |
| Vorhees Industrial School Seeks a Hearing  | 603  |
| Honored by White Pupils  | 607  |
| What the Negro People of Brooklyn are Doing  | 608  |
| New York Has a Negro Jeweler   | 611  |
| Fessenden Academy and Industrial School  | 612  |
| Guests Unexpected (Story)  | 614  |
| New Building for Roger Williams University   | 617  |

PUBLISHED BY  
**THE MOORE PUBLISHING AND PRINTING CO.**

7 and 8 Chatham Square  
New York

T. R. M. HANNE, N. Y.

ENTERED AT THE NEW YORK POST OFFICE AS SECOND CLASS MAIL MATTER

ADVERTISEMENTS

**Curry Normal and Industrial Institute**

**Urbana, Ohio**

Incorporated under the laws of Ohio. Founded in 1889. Will open its 19th year September 1907.

A high graded institution. Experienced teachers. Boarding department. Delightful location. Normal, Literary, English, Business, Shorthand, Musical and Industrial. Graduates are to be found doing successful work in all avenues of life. Terms reasonable. Can give help to a few. Address:

**E. W. B. CURRY, President C. N. and I. I., Urbana, Ohio.**

**BLOCK BROS.**

**Havana Cigars**

**34 Maiden Lane**

**Near Nassau Street New York**

Box Trade a Specialty.

\*\*\* OLDEST AND BEST \*\*\*

THE  
**A. M. E. Review**

The oldest race magazine in America, is also the best medium of serious thought. Published quarterly. 100 pages solid reading matter, classified as sociology, Education, Religion, Women. You cannot get the thinking Negro's point of view without it. \$1.00 a year in advance. Combined with THE COLORED AMERICAN MAGAZINE, \$1.50. Send for sample copy.

Address **H. T. KEALING, Editor-**

631 Pine Street, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

**I HAVE MADE A SPECIALTY OF STOCKS AND BONDS  
FOR SEVERAL YEARS**

**I HAVE EXCEPTIONAL OPPORTUNITIES TO OFFER THOSE  
WHO HAVE FIFTY DOLLARS OR MORE TO INVEST**

**MY COMMISSION CHARGES ARE REASONABLE**

**FOR FURTHER INFORMATION ADDRESS**

**ROBERT W. TAYLOR**

**35 Broad Street**

**New York City**

**"IN THE HEART OF THE WALL STREET DISTRICT"**

In answering advertisements, please mention this Magazine







**HON. WILLIAM HOWARD TAFT**  
**President Elect.**



# THE COLORED AMERICAN MAGAZINE

VOL. XIV

NOVEMBER, 1908

NO. 10

---

## THE MONTH

---

### [ SUPREME COURT JIM CROWS BEREА

The following interview from President Frost of Berea discloses the condition of that institution as affected by the Jim Crow decision of the U. S. Supreme Court. President Frost has been accused of being in favor of the law of separation, but the following interview would not appear so. At any rate, he is hard at work trying to give the colored people a good school if forsooth it is to be separate from the whites:

Philadelphia, Pa., Nov. 11.—In an interview regarding the decision of the United States Supreme Court upholding the so-called "Jim Crow" law for private schools in Kentucky, President Frost of Berea College, Ky., who is in this city, to-day said:

"A misapprehension exists as to our position and the effect of the decision

on Berea College. We are surprised and disappointed, believing with Justices Harlan and Day that the upholding of the unnecessary law weakens the bulwarks of liberty for whites and blacks alike. It does not, however, greatly affect us at this time. The law in 1904 forced us to exclude colored students after we had received them without collision or scandal for forty years. We then aided them to attend other schools and set apart \$200,000 toward founding a colored school for Kentucky. This was a great hardship with all our urgent work for the mountaineers, but we already have pledged for a large portion of an adjustment fund to reimburse Berea College and to make a total of \$400,000 for the colored institution. The colored people

are subscribing very liberally, hoping to have a school of their own at an early day."

\* \* \*

#### OF OLD SLAVERY DAYS

A story of the old slavery days, love of the white Southerner for the Negro servant, was brought to light when Mrs. T. E. Brinley, of Louisville, Ky., came to this city to exhume the body of Richard Wallace, an aged Negro who died at the Soldiers' Home a few weeks ago, for the purpose of shipping it to Louisville, where it will be interred beside that of her father, the late William K. Thomas. Before the war broke out the Negro was a slave on the plantation of Mr. Thomas, but he joined the Union army and was captured and made a prisoner of war and confined in a Southern prison over which Mr. Thomas had command. Mr. Thomas effected his release as soon as he learned of his imprisonment, and for many years, until Mr. Thomas died, Wallace was his body servant and the two were devoted friends.

How strong the tie is between the old Southern white man and the old Southern Negro?

But also how weak is the tie between the new types of both races. If the Yankees had not freed us and given us the vote we post-bellum Negroes might have had our bodies dug up too and reinterred by our old master's, etc. But our freedom and the right to vote and be men instead of chattels has lost us all this. So it remains for us, post-bellum Negroes, to say whether we prefer freedom or these post-mortem tears that the anti-bellum white man is shedding over the

corpses of anti-bellum Negroes. Our choice is made. How about you, reader?

\* \* \*

#### SPEAKING OF SLAVES

On a journey through the South not long ago, Wu Ting-fang was impressed by the preponderance of Negro labor in one of the cities he visited. Wherever the entertainment committee led him, whether to factory, store, or suburban plantation, all the hard work seemed to be borne by the black men.

Minister Wu made no comment at the time, but in the evening, when he was a spectator at a ball given in his honor, after watching the waltzing and two-stepping for half an hour, he remarked to his host:

"Why don't you make the Negroes do that for you, too?"—*Everybody's Magazine*.

\* \* \*

#### THE NIGHT RIDERS BY-LAWS

Read below and discern the meanness of the Night Riders' Institution, and rejoice that it is being put down. It is nothing more than a new edition of the Ku Klux Klan. Mr. Thomas Dixon here has another skeleton work for a second edition of the "Clansman" with his lies and slander:

Camp Nemo, Reelfot Lake, Tenn., Oct. 29.—To-day was a quiet one with the military here. No detachments went out in search of night riders suspects or witnesses, and only one prisoner was brought in by the civil officers. Governor Patterson had a number of suspects and witnesses before him; among them Frank Ferriner, who made a confession



Wednesday night. Ferriner is kept under close guard. It is believed he will escape severe punishment because of turning State's evidence, but nothing has been promised him.

The weeding out of prisoners has begun, and thirty-five who have been able to give satisfactory accounts of themselves were released to-day.

P. C. Ward, proprietor of the hotel at Walnut Log, was released this morning. Nothing important was obtained from him.

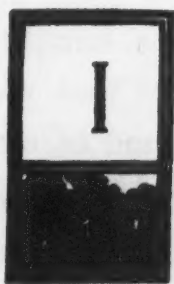
It is reported to-day on what is considered good authority that the constitution and by-laws of the night riders were secured and brought here yesterday and

will be placed in the hands of the Grand Jury.

The constitution and by-laws, among other things, it is said, provide that no bank or trust company shall be permitted to make any loans, large or small, at a greater interest than 6 per cent., and, further, that after the first day of July, 1909, no farmer shall be allowed to employ any colored help on his farm, and that all Negroes shall be notified to leave the country under penalty of death; that all merchants shall sell their goods and merchandise at not to exceed 10 per cent. profit, and otherwise regulating all wages to be paid by the farmer for help, and regulating the price of corn, cotton and all farm products.

## Negro Dolls for Negro Babies

By Counsellor E. A. JOHNSON



AM convinced that one of the best ways to teach Negro children to respect their own color would be to see to it that the children be given colored dolls to play with. The children do not know anything about prejudice themselves, and in most cases they prefer white dolls to colored ones, but this idea could be easily removed from their young minds by putting in their hands at the outset good looking colored dolls. To give a Negro child a white doll means to create in it a prejudice against its own color, which will cling to it through life.

I believe we should not rear the children to hate their complexion that God has given them and thus sow the seeds of discontent with themselves that will cause them to feel inferior all through life. A dark skin is as good as any other providing the person who wears it is deserving. There is nothing *per se* disgraceful in brown or black.

No person despises a black horse or a black chicken. A black cat is sometimes looked upon with superstition, but not prejudice, and there is no sense or reason in color prejudice. In some countries the devil is painted as white and the angels as black. It is more a matter of

education than anything else that we have so much of it in America, not only among the whites, but among the colored people themselves, who have been taught from infancy to hate a black face and prefer a white one.

In 1891 I wrote a history for the colored children in which I said as follows: "A more modern theory of color is that the color of the skin is a shield against the penetrating rays of the sun. Most of the birds in tropical countries are colored, while those of the Arctic regions are white. The white bear comes from the Arctic Circle." The color theory was also quite popular formerly as an argument in support of the curse of Noah. We hold that the color of the race is due to climatic influences, and in support of this view we quote in reference to Africa as follows: "As we go westward we observe the light color predominating over the dark, and then, again, when we come within the influence of the damp from the sea air, we find the shade deepened into the general blackness of the coast population."

There are five distinct types of races. The Caucasian is white; the Mongolian, yellow; the Malay, brown; the American Indian, red; and the Ethiopian, black. The wisest of men have always been puz-

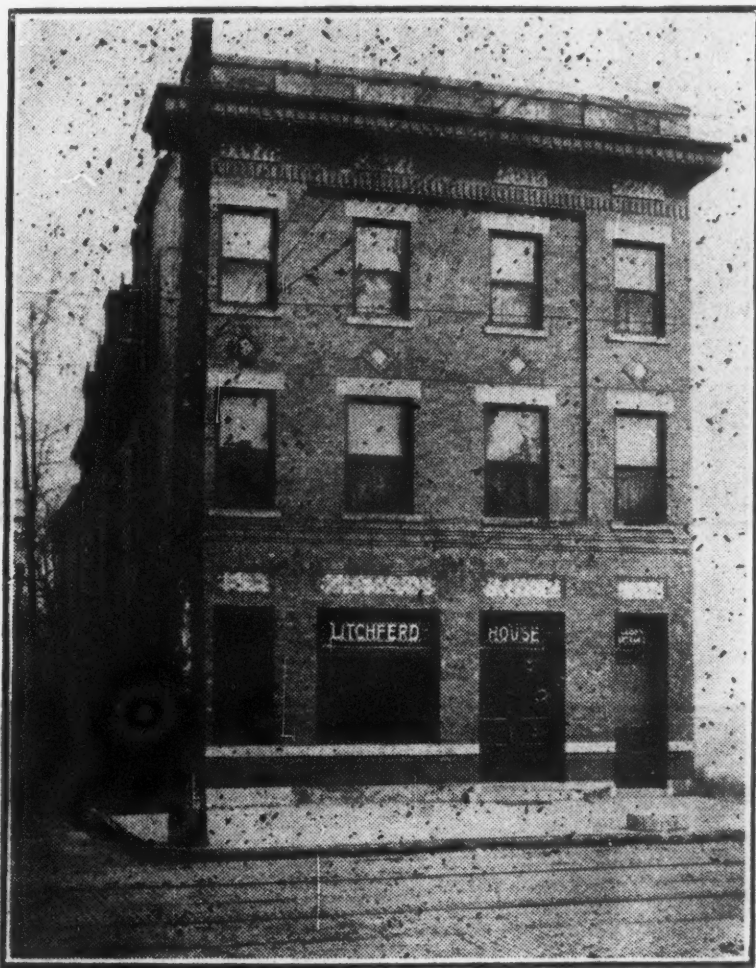
zled to account for these different colors of the races of mankind, all from the same common ancestry. Those who hold to the curse theory to explain the blackness of the Negro might be embarrassed if asked to account for the distinct colors of the other races. They would not find in the Bible any similar curse by which to account for the other colors, and they would not be able in any way to connect the other races with Canaan and so make Noah's supposed curse account for the colors. It would seem that no better explanation can be given than climatic influences and habits of life.

I thought this a good idea then and I think so yet; and I believe that I have been the humble means of stimulating race pride and self-respect in our people by means of this effort. Let the good work go on. Let us not condemn ourselves, but rather feel proud of what God had given us. No race that is ashamed of itself is likely to have much confidence in itself. Let the black face hold itself up, as well as any other, not in a haughty arrogant way, but in a manner that will say to the world as did Solomon of old, "I am black but comely," and "comely" may herein refer to more things than simply good looks.



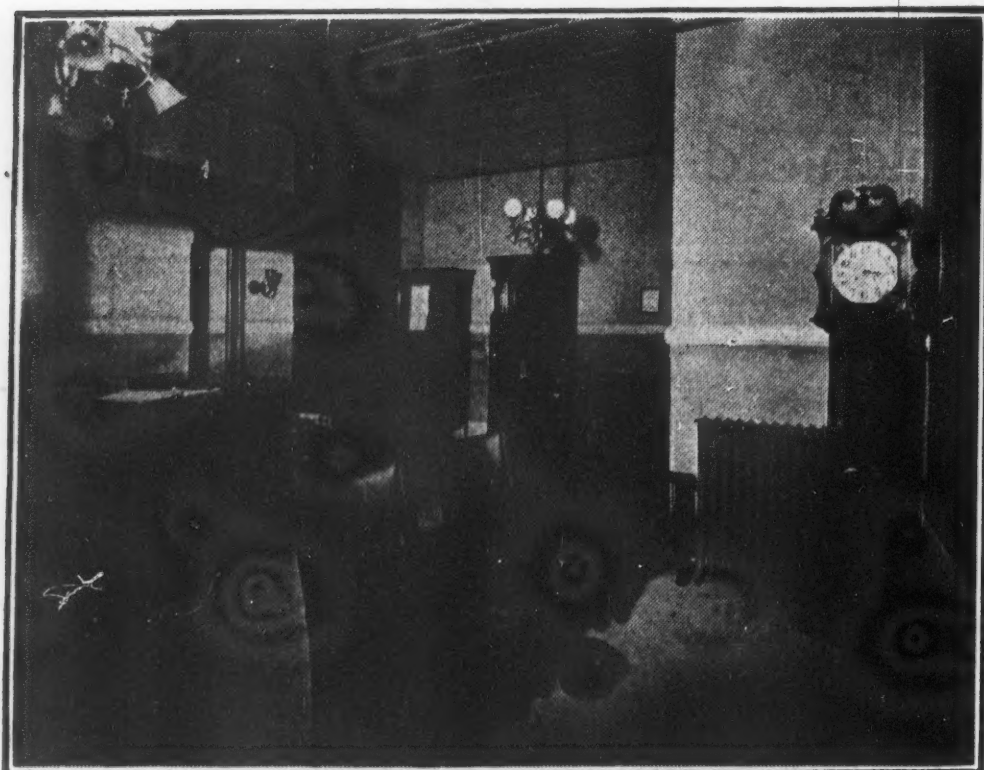


## Litchferd Hotel, Columbus, O.



**C**OLUMBUS, OHIO, boasts of what is one of the best furnished, most substantially built, and best conducted hotels in the country designed for the accommodation of the colored traveling public. This hotel bears the name of its owner and builder, William Litchferd. Mr. Litchferd, who is a self-made man, conceived the idea about two years ago, that because of increasing race prejudice which made it hard

for colored men to secure proper hotel accommodations, a hotel for the accommodation of his race was a necessity. He was fully aware that for a time at least such an institution would prove a dead expense to the man who promoted it, but possessing indomitable energy and a purpose to contribute his share to the betterment of his race, he decided to put into practice what had long been a dream in Columbus—a thoroughly modern, up-to-date hotel for the accom-



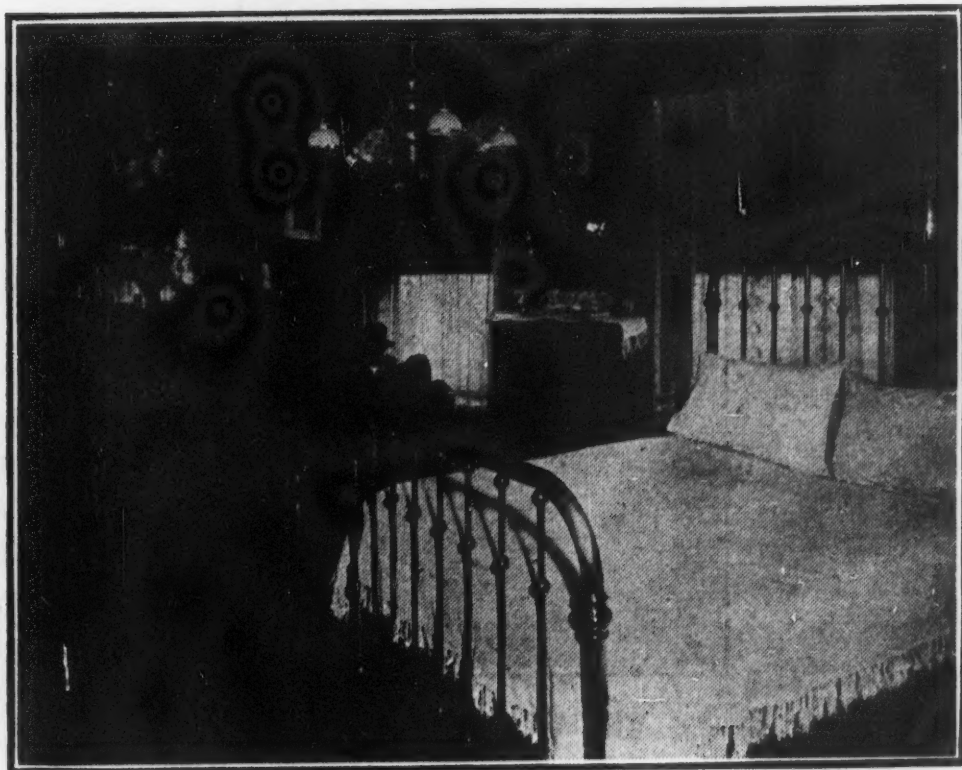
Office and Lobby



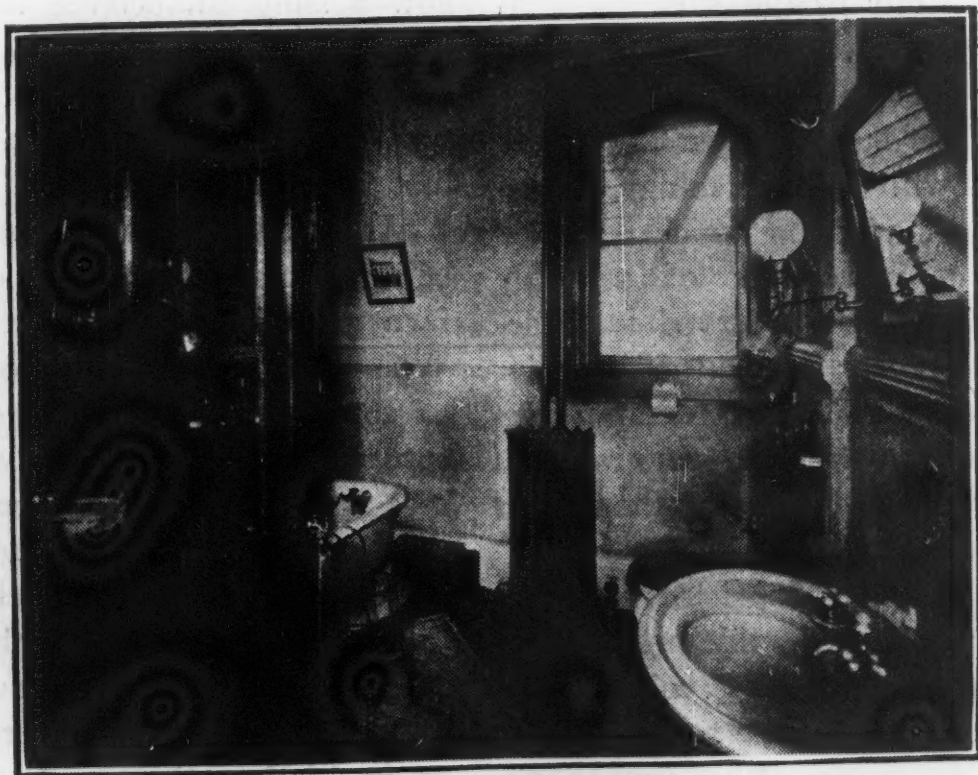
Dining Room

LITCHFERD HOTEL, COLUMBUS, O.





One of the Guests' Rooms



One of the Bath Rooms

LITCHFERD HOTEL, COLUMBUS, O.



**WILLIAM H. LITCHFERD**  
Proprietor of Litchferd Hotel, Columbus, Ohio.

modation of his people.

This hotel, which is located in the heart of the rapidly growing and prosperous capitol city of Ohio, contains 26 rooms, each and every one of which is the acme of neatness and handsomely furnished. The building cost the owner \$26,000, and with its furnishings, equipment and the land upon which it stands represents an investment of probably \$50,000. As will be observed from accompanying illustrations, the exterior and the interior of the hotel impresses one as a hostelry which in every way reflects the greatest credit on the owner and the race.

Mr. Litchferd, the proprietor, is known to be a man of considerable means, possibly one of the wealthiest colored men in Ohio. Every dollar he possesses represents the investment of his own energy and his own brains. As yet he has not yielded to the seductive charms of fair

woman, for he is still a bachelor at forty. He says he has been too busy to think of marriage. However, possessing now a snug competence his friends are of the opinion that he will before long seek some clever woman of his race to preside over his hotel, and share with him his riches.

Mr. Litchferd is a product of Ohio, being born and brought up on his father's farm a few miles northwest of Columbus. When quite a young fellow he decided to come to the city and carve out his future, which he has done well. His success but furnishes additional proof that the Negro who wants to succeed may and can succeed. Hotel Litchferd, at the corner of Elm and Fourth Streets, Columbus, Ohio, is a monument to the race's advancement. There is no better of its kind in the country, and there is not a more competent hotel manager in Columbus than Mr. Litchferd.



## A Day at Lincoln Normal School



LET us begin the day with the girls at the Boarding Hall, there are now forty-five girls—with more to come—in twelve rooms. The rising bell rings at quarter before six, and at once there is quite a stir of preparation throughout the building. At 6.30 the breakfast bell. The girls who have previously been summoned from their rooms by a warning bell, arrange in orderly lines, and march into the dining room, keeping time with the organ played by one of the students. The boys meanwhile have come over from their hall, formed a line at the front of the building, and now march in with the girls, but from the opposite direction. On reaching their places all stand quietly while the matron asks a blessing. At the tap of the bell they draw back their chairs, another stroke of the bell and they are seated and begin their meal. (The board at the hall costs them 8 cents per day.)

After breakfast the students march out to music, and then there is a great scattering as they hurry to their morning work, some to the school house, some to the teachers' home, while others attend to the lamps, the dining room work, and other duties about their hall. By eight o'clock all the girls' rooms are in order for inspection. Let us go the rounds with the preceptress. You see there isn't much luxury. Still this is much better

than the homes most of our girls come from. Do you see this cozy little room on the second floor? It is as neat as wax. It belongs to four of our girls, three sisters and their cousin. And the room is a good index to the character of these girls. They are good, careful, dependable students—among our best.

These other rooms will please you, too, though some of them require a little criticism. This girl has forgotten to turn up her broom, with handle on floor. Here is a dresser top not so neat as it might be. We shall have to tell these girls that unless they are more orderly they will forfeit some of their furniture to those who will keep it better.

But we can't stay longer, for the chapel bell is ringing, and the girls are beginning to march over to the school house. We follow them, and enter just as the last bell sounds. The piano begins a march, the triangles in the upper and lower halls take up the time, and the pupils file up in good step. At the foot of the stairs you will notice some anxious teachers carefully scanning each girl's back to see that her dress is suitably buttoned or hooked, for one of the rules strictly enforced is that no girl shall be allowed to remain in school with her dress pinned up in any way.

The chapel service is a great delight, as you sit on the platform with the teachers, and look into the sea of faces (almost four hundred now)—faces of

many shapes and shades, but all eager, and filled with good purposes. Scripture reading and prayer by one of the teachers is followed by a few earnest words from our principal, and then the children march back into the various school rooms, to begin their recitations. These continue until 3.15, with a forty-five intermission at noon.

You may visit any of the class rooms during any period of the day, and you will find the children, big and little, old and young, plodding slowly, and with infinite pains, along the thorny path of knowledge—"to make something of themselves"—as they express it.

During all the day you will notice relays of girls and boys entering and leaving the sewing room, cooking school and carpenter shop. And there are evidences all about that the instruction in these classes will be of real, practical service. Our new brick dormitory for the boys was put up largely by the boys themselves, and is being filled rapidly by strong, manly country boys who are simply amazed that such a comfortable building is really for them. They walk through the halls with their hats off with

almost a reverent tread. The cooking classes send the food they prepare for examination and use to the teachers' home, and the transformation wrought in many a girl's wardrobe speaks well for the sewing class.

After school there is the usual bustle of work "toting" water and firewood, for the boys; sweeping the school rooms, clearing the grounds, sewing, etc., for the girls. Then about half an hour of recreation, and then the dinner bell at 5.15. You have probably heard our four organs used all the afternoon, and perhaps you are wondering about it. You needn't, though, for we have an excellent music department, and the children are so eager—even those who have no musical sense at all seem anxious to learn. You'll hear more practicing after dinner right up to study-hour time.

This study hour is from 6.30 to 8.30, and bedtime at 9. Preceptress and matron breathe a sigh of relief as the last student's lamp goes out. It has been a busy day, with perhaps little progress to show; and yet eight months a year of this sort of drill accomplishes marvelous results in many lives.





## G. P. S. Mitchell, Cheif Clerk in Warden's Office, St. Anns, West Indies



POLITICAL positions are usually regarded with such favor that it is seldom that you hear of an appointee seeking to resign and the Government on the other hand saying: "No, you must

keep your job; your resignation is not accepted." However, such is the lot of G. P. S. Mitchell, Chief Clerk in the Warden's office, St. Anns, W. I., who wants to give up his position, but the Government will not let him. Mr. Mitchell desires to retire owing to failing eyesight, and made application to the Government of his intention, but was told his services could not be dispensed with. George Philogone Stephen Mitchell was born in Trinidad on December 19, 1859, and educated at the Boys' Normal School, Woodbrook. He entered the Civil Service in the year 1880, and held the following appointments: Assistant Clerk, Education Department, Trinidad; Second Clerk to the Assistant Director of Public Works; Clerk Northern Division Public Works Department, and Chief Clerk of the St. Ann's and Diego Martin Ward Union. He was the recipient of a commemorative medal, in 1886, from His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, on the occasion of the Indian and Colonial Exhibition, for a



MR. G. P. S. MITCHELL

musical composition entitled "The Ada Waltz." For many years Mr. Mitchell was organist and precentor of St. Patrick's Church, New Town, and a prominent member of the Trinidad Philharmonic Society, and treasurer of the Amateurs' Orchestra. In June, 1886, he organized a Military Band, twenty-two of all ranks, in connection with the Trinidad Field Artillery Volunteer Corps; in consequence of failing health he resigned in 1899. In April, 1897, on the occasion of a special commanding officer's parade he was presented with a baton by the acting commandant of the Local Forces

(Major R. B. Todd), who at the same time made the announcement of his appointment to the rank of Warrant Officer in recognition of his valuable services, and for the success which he had achieved with the band, which was an acquisition to the Local Forces of the Colony. In a despatch from the Secretary of State for the Colonies, dated June 11, 1901, His Majesty King Edward VII's thanks were conveyed to Mr. Mitchell for his musical work entitled "Pater Noster." (This motet is dedicated to the Sacred Heart of Jesus, and in blessed memory of Her Majesty the late Queen Victoria.

Mr. Mitchell has achieved great success in part writing (orchestration arrangements), and as a musical director he has been equally successful. On the occasion of the solemn consecration of the magnificent new marble high altar of the restored Church of St. Patrick, New Town, November 23, 1902, an excellent setting entitled "The Angel's Salutation," was composed by Mr. Mitchell for soprano and solo and cello obligato, with orchestral accompaniment. This motet is considered by all as his best production, so far as church music is concerned. Mr. Mitchell has composed numerous musical works both secular and religious, the latest of which being a motet entitled "Ave Maria" and dedicated to Mrs. Hugh Clifford on "Empire Day," May 24, 1906. This piece was orchestrated by him and was performed

with great success by the Constabulary Band at the Botanic Gardens (Trinidad), and with equal success by the Police Band at the "Rocks" (Barbados), under the leadership of Bandmaster Mandeville, who succeeded Mr. Mitchell as bandmaster of the Trinidad Field Artillery Volunteer Corps, in the year 1899. He has also formed an orchestra of his own, which is confined to the members of his family (his children), who at different times of the year afford musical treats to the poor and infirmed inmates of the Ariapita—the Leper Asylum; these young amateurs have also done very good service with their instruments in connection with musical masses under the leadership of their father. Mr. Mitchell was a member of the orchestral section of the Victoria Institute (a quasi-government institution), and also a member of the Committee of Management of the same section. In the year 1906, in recognition of his long and faithful service, he was given a personal allowance of 50 pounds per annum on the estimates, by His Excellency the late Governor (Sir Henry Moore Jackson, G. C. M. G.), which he enjoyed from April, 1906, and up to the time of his retirement from the public service, on the 30th of September, 1908.

Mr. Mitchell has been a member of the Army and Navy Co-operative Society, Ltd., Westminster, London, for an unbroken period of twenty-two years (ending December, 1908).





# In Memoriam

Copyright, 1902, by M. YEARSLEY

## CHAPTER I.



THE family would not soon forget the day he came to them. The Eldest, she of dull hearing, and uncertain temper, was summoned from her housecleaning on the second floor by a ring of the door bell. It was the second ring, as she suspected by the decided volume and peremptory tone of the summons, and she resented the fact that the intruder, whoever he or she might be, should have had the hardihood to repeat the ring on a busy day in housecleaning time.

She threw open the door with aggressive haste. He stood before her, with the strong light of the morning sun shining full on his polished face—a strong, tall Negro boy about twenty years of age, with the dignity of riper years in the graceful doffing of his hat. The full lips parted freely over a mouthful of strong ivories, and a deep, musical voice said firmly:

"Do yo' need a servant?"

The Eldest, partly from astonishment, and partly from a habit that clings to one of dull hearing, said somewhat sharply, "What is it?"

With the same honest conviction in his voice, he repeated, a little louder;

"Ah und'stood yo' needed a servant."

"Oh, no," said the Eldest hastily.

The manifest prevarication brought a conscious flush to the somewhat harsh features, as the Negro's honest eyes gazed full at her.

He repeated, patiently, with an apologetic inflection: "Ah und'stood yo' needed a servant."

Had the tone borne evidence of an impertinent insistence, the woman would have shut the door in his face, and have felt justified in the incivility, in the exigencies of a busy day in housecleaning time; but the dignified assertion commanded respect, and the Eldest felt that the honest voice demanded an honest reply.

"Well, you see, we must have a woman," she said, somewhat impatiently.

This fact was so patent to the Eldest that she expected the applicant to be immediately impressed, and the hand that held the door involuntarily began gradually to close it. But the applicant had the temerity to be in nowise convinced. With the same gentle dignity, he said:

"Ah can do all that a woman can, an' mo'."

"What is it?"

"Ah can do mo' than a woman can. Why mus' yo' have a woman?"

Why must she have a woman, indeed? thought the Eldest, with rising irritation. Why because she always had had a woman before, of course. Her mind, full of plans for housecleaning, was not fertile. She was accustomed to settle inquisitiveness with a sharp reply, which in its conclusiveness, to her mind, at least, was an all-sufficient explanation. It was usually accepted as such, because few people are persistent under acidity. No way of meeting the dignified insistence of the Negro presented itself to her. She floundered helplessly in search of a reply that would convey an ultimatum, wavering between an impulse to shut the door in his face and rush back to work, and an effort not to be too brutal in her refusal. She had evidently mislaid her ideas.

The Negro waited in honest silence for a reason.

The Eldest, feeling the obligation to speak become pressing, blurted out, desperately:

"Why, what can *you* do?"

The inflection implied the utter uselessness of anything masculine in household affairs, in the speaker's mind.

The Negro took up the gauntlet thrown down in true gladiator fashion, and with a shade of eagerness in his deep voice began to enumerate his accomplishments:

"Ah can wash dishes, an' scrub, an' vook, an' bake, an' wait on table, an'——"

"Can you clean house?" interrupted the Eldest, in grim desperation.

"Deed Ah can," said he promptly, ad-

vancing a foot.

"Very well," resignedly. "Come in. I'll give you a trial and see what you can do."

Having made up her mind there was no way to get rid of him, she would put him to work at something, anything. She was incredulous as to his general utility, in spite of his confidence in himself, and felt satisfied that she could find something to find fault with in his work, and be able to dismiss him with good reason later in the day.

She supplied him with proper utensils, took him to a room not yet cleaned, and without further ceremony left him, with the comforting thought that at least there was nothing he could steal or damage in an empty room.

The Negro doffed his coat, turned up his trousers, rolled up his sleeves, and, with mop in hand, began operations on the windows. Window frames, washboards, mantels, moldings, everything came in for its share of scrubbing, and he was just finishing mopping the floor late in the afternoon, when the Eldest bethought herself of her charge and went to see what he was about.

To do her justice, she had the best intentions of finding all the fault she could, and she looked long and hard for flaws. It was useless. The windows were polished until her reflection looked back at her. She poked in the corners of the window-panes for dirt with a hairpin, but none was there. She rubbed her hand over the baseboards for dust, but they had been thoroughly cleaned. The floor was scrubbed and rescrubbed and



rinsed, until the most cleanly disposed person could have advanced no good reason for declining to eat a meal from it, except that it was not customary. Finally she said:

"You are too slow. I could not have any one pottering all this time over such a small job of work."

The hopeful eyes of the Negro clouded.

"But Ah will learn to be quick," he said, appealingly. "Ah will try with all mah might," he added earnestly.

The Eldest had not the courage of her convictions. She had already made up her mind to shift the responsibility of the Negro's dismissal. So she only replied:

"I'm going down to prepare supper now. You can come down. I couldn't engage you anyhow. Mr. Howard hires all the help."

"Who is that Mistah How'd?" asked the Negro, eagerly clutching at the first straw.

"Mr. Howard is my brother, and he will not be home until after business hours," replied the Eldest.

"Ah will wait until Mistah How'd comes home. Ah think he will hire me," he said hopefully.

The Eldest thought Mr. Howard would *not*, after she had interviewed him, but she refrained from further speech.

While Mr. Howard ate his supper that evening his sister told him the story of the day.

Mr. Howard was the youngest brother in a large family. His father had died

when he was quite young, and being a quiet, meditative boy, he had become to be looked up to for advice in preference to his two older brothers. He listened in silence, occasionally with an amused smile, as he thought of the rigorous inspection the Negro's work had undergone at the hands of his overscrupulous sister.

"We've had a good deal of trouble with servant girls," he said finally, unexpectedly championing the Negro's cause, "if he's a decent fellow, why not give him a chance?"

"Oh, bother! he's too slow; I can't put up with him. Anyway, we couldn't have the black fellow in the house. Just pay him for this afternoon, and tell him so."

So the subject dropped; but after he had finished supper, Mr. Howard went out to the kitchen to inspect the Negro. The Eldest could not hear their conversation. The Negro talked earnestly and his expressive eyes pleaded eloquently to be given a chance. He would work for two dollars a week. He could do anything about a house. He was of a respectable colored family in old Virginia, he was a stranger in the city, and he needed work.

In five minutes they understood each other thoroughly, and Mr. Howard told the Eldest that the applicant was a "good fellow," just the person she wanted, and that he had engaged him.

It was thus that the traditions of a good, old Quaker family, to the effect that men were of no earthly use in domestic affairs, was cast aside, and Wash-

ington Auzell Burnett—for in such an aristocratic name did the Negro rejoice—became their faithful and attached servant. He preferred to be called Auzell, and never to the day of his death did Auzell have occasion to regret his application, nor Mr. Howard his selection of a servant. Time proved them to be thoroughly congenial in their respective positions. Auzell was wont to say: "Ah liked that young man, Mistah How'd, the fust time Ah laid eyes on him."

He assimilated with everything. In two days he was using the plain "thee" and "thy" and "thine," like as though "to the manner born," for the Family, although unorthodox in all other respects—especially the younger members—still used the plain language, the affectionate "thee" and "thy" to the immediate members of the family.

The Eldest soon realized that Auzell was indeed an institution. She could leave him in charge, make an afternoon call, and return to find as fine a supper as she herself could have prepared. She found—and it delighted her soul—that she could leave the pantry door unlocked, and that the cakes and pies remained untouched—she had previously had so much trouble with thieving servants.

She also found that Auzell was too exclusive to mingle with other servants, or to talk gossip over the neighboring fence. Inquisitiveness on the part of neighbors or their servants was always met with the grave reply from Auzell that he knew nothing of the matter. He

made a request for some other than Thursday afternoon off, as that was other servants' day, and he was liable to come in contact with them. He did not find them congenial.

In fact, peace and content reigned in the Family.

#### CHAPTER II.

And presently "Missy" May came home. She had been absent on a visit. Auzell *liked* "Mistah How'd." But he *loved* "Missy" May from the moment he set eyes on her bonny face, as he loved the bright sunshine that streamed in through the window in his particular sanctum, the kitchen; and he loved her much in the same way, as something beyond the earth and his black self, beautiful, spiritual.

As a matter of fact, "Missy" May was everything a well brought-up young lady of eleven years ought not to be; indolent, saucy, mischievous, daring, and—always late to breakfast. She danced into the kitchen when Auzell most wanted to work, upsetting the pans and tinware, and with flying golden locks and brilliant eyes, teased and tormented and harassed him fore and aft, while his most cherished concoctions scorched or overbaked. Wild, wayward, careless, innocent and happy, she found in his staidness and gravity her greatest incentive to further mischief.

At first Auzell tried to impress the incorrigible "Missy" May with a religious spirit, for, reverential in nature, he had been originally destined for the ministry, as was his father before him, and pious darkeys had gathered around to



hear his father's son preach his first youthful sermon in the good days of old "Virginny." To his horror, "Missy" May danced and laughed and seemed to enjoy herself as much on Sunday as any other day—and was as invariably late to breakfast.

One morning "Missy" May was unusually late to breakfast. The family had long since finished. Auzell had rung the breakfast bell three times. Presently she came flying in, giving the impression of great haste, and with an ingratiating smile, bade Auzell "Good morning."

It was seldom that Auzell could resist the smiling brightness of this spoiled darling of the house, but this morning he had made elaborate preparations for a company dinner. His "Good morning" was spoken with grave dignity. "Missy" May deserved a rebuke. He would take this occasion to point a moral. He waited on her in silence. Presently he said:

"Missy May, does thee think thee'll be behin' han' when Gabriel blows his trumpet?"

"Missy" May shrieked with laughter.

"Oh, no, Auzell. I think Gabriel knows my weakness, and will blow twice, like you do."

And Auzell had to smile. All reproofs of "Missy" May ended much the same way, and her conversion made little progress.

\* \* \* \* \*

And so three years passed, Auzell the respected servant of a worthy master.

### CHAPTER III.

There came a day when "Missy" May did not laugh, nor sing, nor dance; nor

the next day; nor for many days. And then she would complain that she was tired, even lying on the sofa for hours at a time. Her cheeks were no longer as red as roses, but very white, her step was languid—and she was later to breakfast than ever; but now Auzell did not scold; for something was wrong with "Missy" May, and until she laughed and was joyous again, Auzell was uneasy and unhappy. She did not eat her breakfast when she did come down, but took a little of this and of that, and left it on her plate, after tasting it only. One morning she did not come down stairs at all, and the doctor was sent for; he felt her pulse, watched the quickening breathing, and left her some medicine. In the afternoon he came again, bringing another doctor with him; they left instructions that she must never be left alone for a single moment, and that they should give her her medicine regularly, and when they went down stairs, out of hearing, the doctor said to the Eldest:

"Your sister has typhoid fever."

And the Eldest said, quite sharply, turning her better ear to the doctor:

"What is it?"

And the doctor repeated so that there was no mistaking, and the Eldest's face paled as they whispered among them that it was a dread disease, and that "Missy" May might not live. Auzell strained his ears to hear, for he, too, had caught the whisper; and they all walked about softly, scarcely daring to speak aloud. Then Auzell begged to know what the doctor had said, and when they told him, his black face became almost white with

grief and terror.

"Missy" May was often out of her mind and said the strangest things; when she was not, she lay very still and white, and seemed not to know anyone at all; and her hands were very hot. Auzell knew, for he had once touched one of the small, white hands, lying so still outside the coverlid, when he sat with her and gave her her medicine, while the Family were dining. And her lips were black from fever and her tongue was swollen. It was a great many long days before there was any change in "Missy" May at all, and then one night the doctor said she would not live 'till morning. That night Auzell lay dressed and waiting, outside "Missy" May's door, no member of the family having the heart to forbid this doglike fidelity; and all night long one faithful black heart poured forth his soul in prayer for the pretty flower wasting away. But the morning came, and she was not dead. And they hoped. And another morning came, and she still lived; and they hoped still more. And the next morning the doctor said if she lived another twenty-four hours, she might pull through and get well. Then how Auzell prayed. And the twenty-four hours passed, and then Auzell knew, if never before, that a good God ruled and heard the prayers of His people, for the doctor said the crisis was past. From that time on "Missy" May gradually improved. And after that, when Auzell would sit in "Missy" May's

room and entertain the girl occasionally, she did not laugh and poke fun at him, as of old, excepting once, when she said, with the shadow of the old mischievous twinkle in her eyes:

"Gabriel pretty nearly blew his trumpet that time, didn't he, Auzell?"

And Auzell smiled his grave, dignified smile, too glad to see this transient glimpse of the old merriment to chide.

One day, as he sat thus, a giddiness came in Auzell's head, and a great blackness before his eyes; and presently again a wave of horrible sickness passed over him, and Auzell *knew*. When the attack had passed for the moment, he hurried from the room. They found him unconscious where he had fallen, and carried him gently to his room. When he regained consciousness for a little, his first words were:

"Don't tell 'Missy' May."

His case was fatal from the first. On the tenth day, he knew that he was passing, and asked finally, and for the last time:

"Is — 'Missy' — May — still — gettin' — bettah?" and being answered in the affirmative, he smiled peacefully.

"The — sunshine — could — not — die," he said, feebly. "She — is — fine — clay. Jus' — men — co'se — black — mud — like — me — die. Tell — 'Missy' — May — that — Gabri —"

His voice trailed off into nothingness.

He was buried from the house by the Family, and "Missy" May, sitting up for



the first time to see from her window Auzell borne to his last resting place, watched with weeping eyes, the hearse with its burden slowly wending its way down the street. Two carriages followed, bearing the Family.

\* \* \* \* \*

They told "Missy" May the sentence that had died on Auzell's lips. She smiled faintly, then wept again.

"He wanted to say that Gabriel had blown his trumpet for him," she cried.

When "Missy" May went out again, her first visit was to the grave of Auzell.

Above the clay that held that faithful heart, the Family had caused to be erected a white slab, whereon all may see the inscription:

SACRED

To

The

MEMORY

Of

WASHINGTON AUZELL BURNETT,

Aged 23 Years.

The Whitest Soul that ever beat in a Black Bosom.

## PAUL LAURENCE DUNBAR

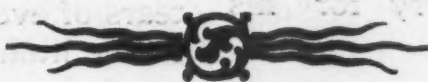
**A**N immortal name and eternal fame  
Are not judged by color of the skin,  
The true and best sign is an active mind—  
It is there all true greatness begins.

In the hall of fame is 'graven a name—  
The son of a down-trodden race;  
Though of humble birth, this genius of worth  
In the forum of fame holds a place.

His name and song will ever live long  
To chase from life sorrow and strife;  
Poems of praise will our voices raise  
Notes and lyrics of lowly life.

Then shine, bright star, on heights afar;  
Blaze out a sure path for all men:  
Thy light lose not, all else forgot;  
Bid them come to thee and ascend.

—Shackleford.



## John Jasper and His Ideas



THE Negro has had more than one thoroughly picturesque representation in fiction. The old plantation darky is a familiar figure original and strongly limned as he appears in the sketches of Mr. Harris or Mr. Page. His dialect his, quaint turns of thought, his sly primitive humor, his unique personality, are unforgettable destined to the immortality that one feels awaits all creations in the world of the imaginations. But in Dr. Hatcher's sketch of John Jasper, one has a glimpse of an actual character than which there are few more deliciously humorous, more naively primitive, more original in the pages of fiction. Jasper was one of the most unique preachers—black or white—who ever filled a pulpit or swayed with his eloquence, acrobatic quite as often as vocal, the throngs that came to hear him.

John Jasper was 40 years old at the commencement of the war, and he lived 40 years after the war was over. But he was a preacher always during the days of his slavery as well as in the maturer period of his freedom, and to him the war and the consequent political questions which have absorbed his race were the merest incidents compared with the prophetic burden that he felt himself called upon to carry for his people.

He was a mighty power with the unlettered portion of his race, this Negro preacher of Richmond. Learning he had none save that which he was able to spell out for himself from his Bible. True to his ante-bellum habit of mind, he venerated the white man and the white man's ways. But when some scientist of this superior white race propounded such astronomical theories as the motion of the earth about the sun there was the undaunted Jasper to convict him of mental aberration wilful lying, or worse.

For years Dr. Hatcher made personal study of this rare Talmage of his race, this worker in a tobacco factory who claimed that he was "sent from God to preach," and who viewed the educated Negro preachers with undisguised contempt. And here is Dr. Hatcher's picture of Jasper as he appeared in the pulpit:

Shades of our Anglo-Saxon fathers! Did mortal lips ever gush with such torrents of horrible English! Hardly a word came out clothed and in its right mind. And gestures! He circled round the pulpit with his ankle in his hand, and laughed and sang and shouted and acted about a dozen characters within the space of three minutes. Meanwhile, in spite of these things, he was pouring out a gospel sermon, red hot, full of love, full of invective, full of tenderness, full of bitterness, full of tears of every passion, that ever flamed in the human breast. He was a theatre



within himself, with the stage crowded with actors. He was a battlefield—himself the General, the staff, the officers, the common soldiery, the thundering artillery, and the rattling musketry. He was the preacher, likewise the church and the choir and the deacons and the congregation.

In "Africa"—a somewhat notorious section of Richmond—Jasper's Sunday performances were a feature as stable and as popular as that achieved in wider circles by more disciplined if less phrenetic pulpit eloquence. When, however the John Jasper announced with a splendid scorn for the absurd, contrary opinions of the scientific fraternity that "the sun do move," his frame could no longer be contained within a small section of Richmond, but spread abroad until the man became a National character.

Dr. Hatcher assures us that Jasper never intended making a sensation with his "astronomical sermon," as it was called. The theme was presented to him by two men of his congregation who nearly came to blows over the perplexing problem, "does the sun revolve around the earth or not." When it was announced that Jasper would take up this problem and settle it once for all from his pulpit, there was an ill-suppressed guffaw from the "edicated preachers," against whom Jasper was accustomed to inveigh, resulting in an unusual amount of inspired fervor on the part of the preacher of Richmond's Africa when he took up the ways of the solar system for his text.

"I knows de way uv de sun," he had declared, "an ef I don' pruv dat de

sun moves den yer may pos' me as er liar on ev'ry street in Richmun'."

Dr. Hatcher gives this famous "sun sermon" in its entirety in his interesting sketch. It is full of rare quaint conceits, bursts of eloquence that have the ring of sincerity, outpourings of an earnest religious soul that finds its medium of expression in spite of its ignorance of ordinary grammar and rhetoric. Naturally, with his entire knowledge of things celestial as well as things terrestrial confined to what he had picked out for himself from the Bible, Jasper's argument was simple enough—and convincing to those who shared his simple belief. Some members of his congregation, who prided themselves on their "learning" had sent him some "papers" giving the facts of the sun's position in the heavens, the earth's motion, &c.

"De differkulty 'bout dem papurs yer sent me," complained the irate Jasper, "is dat dey did not answer me. nevur menshun de Bible one time. Yer think so much uv yourse'fs and so little uv de Lord Gord, an' thinks what yer say is so smart dat yer haven't even speak uv de Word uv de Lord. I take what de Lord say bout de sun an moon an' I cares little what de haters uv ma Gord say."

This method of argument recommending itself to hearers and preacher alike, the Rev. Jasper fairly reveled thereafter in a vivid word picture of Joshua's miracle of the sun's standing still, of Hezekiah's sun dial, to say nothing of isolated passages in the Bible bearing on his subject.

"I ain't acquainted wid dem sun diuls," he argued, "dat de Lord toll Hezekier 'bout, but ennybody dat hes

got a grain uv sense knows dat dey wus de clocks uv dem ole times, an' dey marked de travels uv de sun by dem diuls. When, darfo', Gord toll de King dat he wud mek de shadder go back-wud, it mus' hev bin jes' lak puttin' de han's uv de clock back. But, mark yer Izaer' spressly say dat de sun returned ten dergrees. 'Thar yer are! Ain't dat de movement uv de sun? Bless my soul! Hezekier's case beat Joshuer. Joshuer stop de sun but heer de Lord mek de sun walk back ten dergees—an' yet dey say dat de sun stan' stone still an' nevir move er peg." I wonder ef enny uv dem furloserfers is roun' heer dis aternoon? I'd like ter take a squar' look at one uv dem an ax him ter 'splain dis mattur. He carn't do it, my bruvren! He knows a heap bout books, maps, figgers, an long distances, but I defy him ter take up

Hezekier's case an' 'splain it orf,

Thus the Rev. John Jasper triumphed in astronomy. Other typical sermons of his, such as "Whar Sin Kum Frum" "Dem Sebbun Wimmin," are given in this amazing little volume, which fairly clamor to be quoted. Whatever one may say as to their logic, their grammar, their taste, a conviction of their eloquence, their sincerity remains. And one finishes their perusal with the conviction that in preserving them, with his sketch of their author, Dr. Hatcher has rescued a bit of literature, rough hewn and of the soil though it is, that one could ill afford to lose in a world where the over-refinement of the makers of books becomes at times a weariness.





## Vorhees Industrial School Seeks a Hearing



THE biography of Elizabeth Evelyn Wright from 1897 until the day of her death is the history of the Vorhees Industrial School from its beginning to December 16, 1906. The two are one.

Hers was one of the few lives cleansed of all selfishness and sacrificed solely for the benefit of others. The school was the inspiration of her life, the burden of her prayers, the subject of her every conversation. She founded it upon faith, and appealed for its support to the liberality of an enlightened Christian nation, ignoring in her appeals all lines of separation, whether of race, creed or class distinction. This motto still guides the institution in seeking support. As a result Hon. S. G. Mayfield, an ex-Senator of South Carolina, now resident at Denmark, was among the first friends Miss Wright interested in establishing a school at this point. He is vice-president of the Board of Trustees and takes a lively interest in all matters pertaining to the welfare of the school.

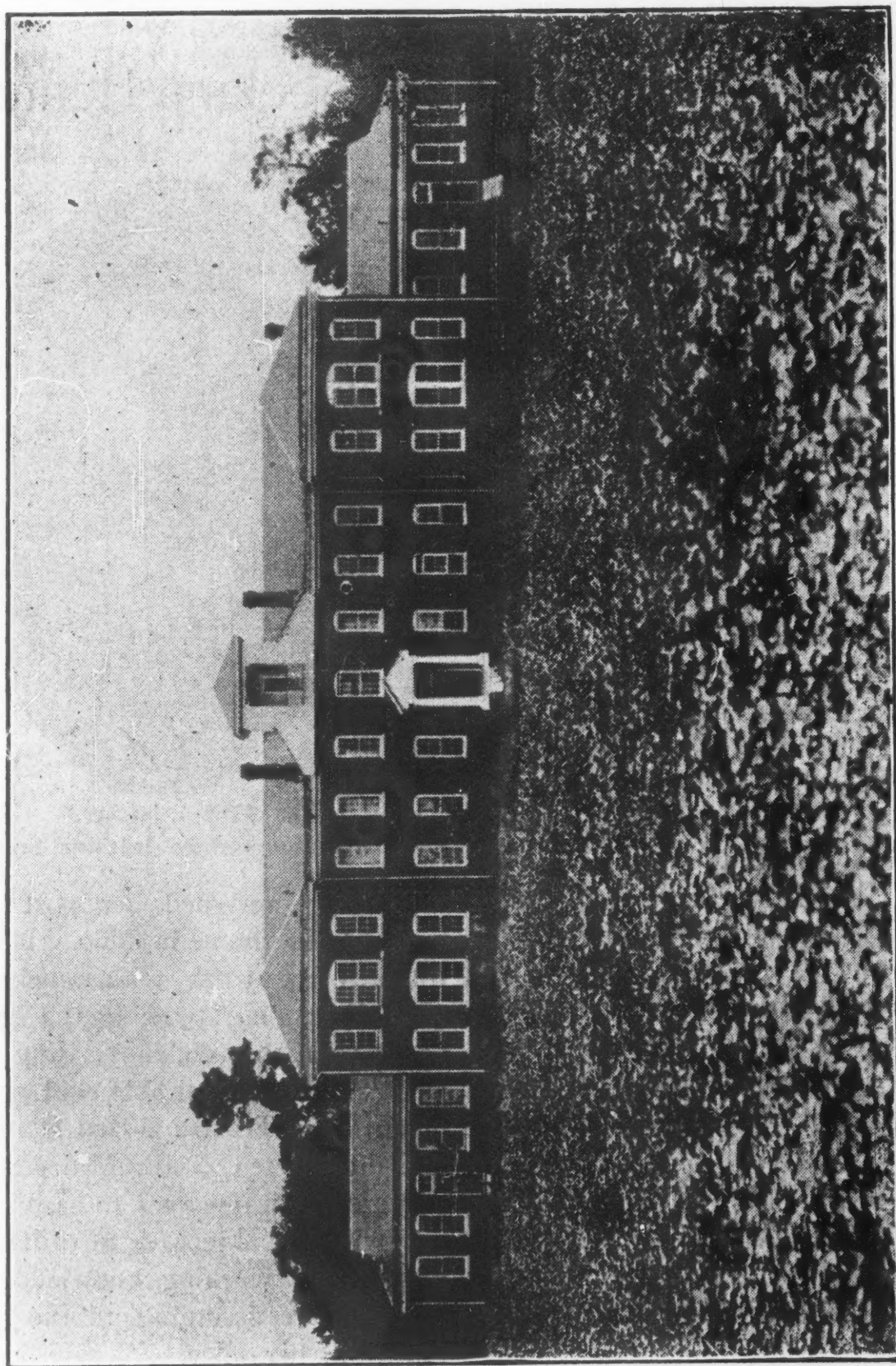
Much of Miss Wright's time was spent on the field soliciting funds to keep the plant in operation. At her departure the entire responsibility of collecting money and the general management of affairs at the school devolved upon the treasurer, Martin A. Menafée, assisted by Miss J. C. Dorsey, assistant principal,



MARTIN A. MENAFEE  
Treasurer Vorhees Industrial School

who lately resigned her post and returned to her home in Ohio. He carried forward the work with much success from December, 1906, to the beginning of the term 1907-08, supervising each department with admirable skill and judgment. The Trustee Board at its spring meeting elected G. B. Miller principal, and gave him one year to associate himself with Mr. Menafée in order to gain a thorough working knowledge of the plant before assuming all the responsibilities of his office.

For nearly two terms the school has had no active field agent. It has depended upon the annual contributions of



Menafee Trades Building, Vorhees Industrial School, Denmark, S. C.



old friends, solicited by correspondence and what it could obtain by appeals through the *Southern Voice*, a monthly paper published on its own press. In this way many new friends have been added to the list of donors. Together they have responded to the needs of the school in a way that calls forth the heartfelt thanks of teachers and students.

Many who send an annual contribution to the treasurer would be glad to meet a representative prepared to give certain facts regarding the policy of Voorhees and the success of that policy. The Board of Trustees is also anxious to have the managers place the institution under the General Board of Education, or at least bring it to the attention of the Northern philanthropists who are interested in all matters educational. With this object in view Principal G. B. Miller made a trip North toward the latter part of September. He spent more than a month and was succeeding well toward the accomplishment of his aim when the prolonged illness of his family demanded his immediate return.

It has been decided that the treasurer, Mr. Menafee, finish the itinerary. He is to leave here November 9, and will probably be gone for a month or more. It is imperative to get the school before certain representative men of the North and East who are known to be deeply interested in educating all the people in our common country. While Mr. Menafee harbors that in his breast as the chief end of his trip he shall by no means neglect the opportunity of calling upon the old friends of the school in every city that he may visit and seek to perpetuate their

friendly interest. Thus he goes thoroughly equipped with every detail of information regarding the history, organization and present efficiency of the institution. He is to provide himself with photographs of the shocks in which the school had its beginning eleven years ago, these in comparison with its present accommodations in building, will show a rapid expansion that is a little less than marvelous, and must carry conviction of its usefulness to the hearts of the most skeptical. Then its happy location in the heart of the black belt of South Carolina, a section of dense population and few schools, and of pitiable indifference to mind culture, will commend it to the generosity of all lovers of humanity.

At the evening prayer meetings in the chapel special prayers will be offered for Mr. Menafee each day during his absence that Providence may smile upon the undertaking. The school commends him to a like interest of its friends throughout the country and ventures to suggest that they may do much by way of introducing him to others of their acquaintance who might be interested in mission work.

To those who gain their first knowledge of the school from this article the following facts may be of interest:

Elizabeth Evelyn Wright, a native of Georgia and a graduate of Tuskegee, founded the Voorhees Industrial School at Denmark, S. C., May 14, 1897, after repeated failures in adjoining communities. Her condition was frail, but her spirit was that of the pioneer—the conqueror. She labored against tremendous odds and never yielded a single inch of



Girls' Hall, Vorhees Industrial School, Denmark, S. C.



her ever increasing advantage until the summons came from above. The result of her labors she bequeathed to posterity in the shape of an institution of learning recognized as the largest of the Tuskegee offspring. She left a host of friends and supporters on the outside. Prominent among them, Judge George W. Kelley, Rockland, Mass., and Mr. Ralph R. Voorhees, Clinton, N. J. (now deceased). He gave most of the buildings, and Mrs. Voorhees, his widow, is still interested

in the school. Among those whom Miss Wright left on the inside, or in charge of affairs at the school, is Martin A. Menafee, the treasurer. He worked with her almost from the beginning, giving shape to many of her most successful policies, and became her husband a few months prior to her final illness. Her last words were whispered in the form of a request to the effect that he should remain in the work and make it succeed at all hazards.

## Honored by White Pupils



MISS Z. OTEY STRATTON enjoys the distinction of having been selected class president of the graduating class of the North Seventh Street School, Newark, N.J.

She was the only colored pupil in her class, the other thirty-four being white; yet because of the record she made during the scholastic year of 1907-08 the white pupils forgot all about race prejudice and gave her the highest tribute that could be paid a member of the class—elected her class president.

Miss Stratton, who is the daughter of F. O. Stratton, made the highest percentage in her class. This fall she entered the Pleasantville, N. Y., High School, where she hopes to duplicate her record of last year.



MISS Z. OTEY STRATTON

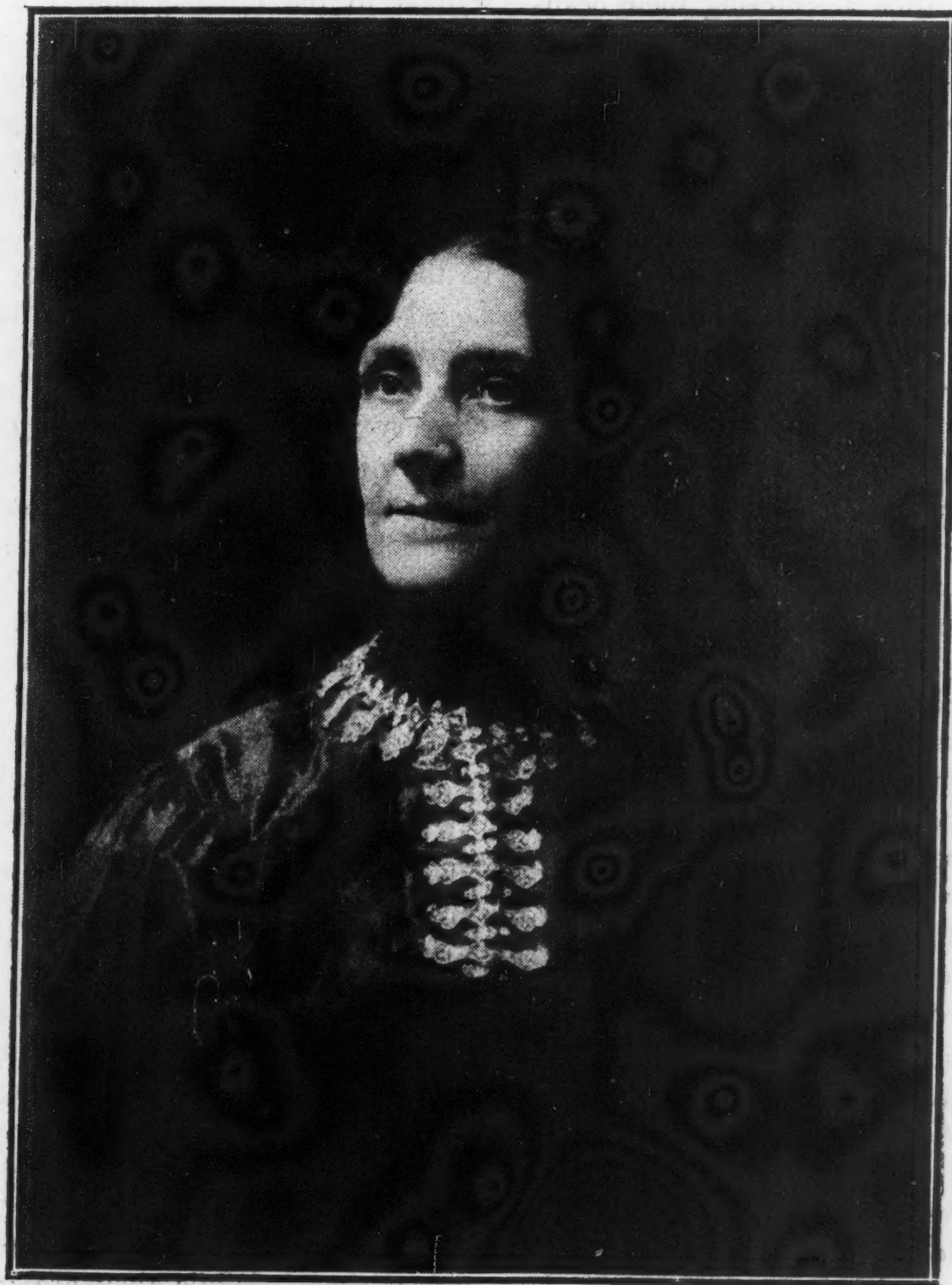
## What the Negro People of Brooklyn Are Doing



NO month in the annual calendar has mirrored more completely the life of the colored community of Brooklyn, N. Y., than the period intervening the latter and present issue of the MAGAZINE. To the casual observer, whether visitor or member of the community, the doings of the month were observed with no other significance than "that is usual" or "as a matter of course." There is no consideration beyond sight and appetite; no thought; no meaning. They are to marry, like those who admire and desire the delicious fruit of a tree, without knowledge or thought as to the character of the ground which produced it or of its vital relation to the roots through which it was nourished. The chemical mystery in its wonderful assimilation and transformation which determines the grade and quality of the fruit and productive character of the ground are most remote. So to many are the varied daily doings of a community. They are limited in their conception and interest to the entertainment features of social affairs, which is but a means to help further and maintain, to solicit deeper interest in what in purpose and character there is no relation more than means to an end. But to the thoughtful

observer the daily doings, whether of a social nature or otherwise, and whether small or large, private or public, are a most reliable text-book on the life and character and progress of a community. For they, like the fruit of a tree, are a production, manifesting outwardly the inward nature and character, what the people really are, their actual weight and measurement, and worth and value as a factor to the State. Our friends as well as our enemies have upon their cursory observation in automobiles and carriages through colored sections formed opinions, yes, conclusive evidence for determining character of their life and measuring their progress. "By their fruit ye shall know them" is a truth to-day in nature, human experience as when the author of All Truth stated it in His great Sermon on the Mount. We should, therefore, look well to the kind of fruit we are putting forth as individuals and as organizations. We cannot declare a character contrary to the outward manifestations, for the natural truth declared by the Apostle Paul, that a fig tree can't bear olive berries nor the vine figs, successfully controverts our contention. A periodical review from the pulpit or by a special programme of a literary society of the doings in our communities would give that observation and thought-





MRS. WILLIAM R. LAWTON  
Brooklyn, N. Y.

fulness of ourselves which is essential to our highest and best interest. During the past month the colored community of Brooklyn has given evidence of some of the noblest impulses in a social and pub-

lic way which can lift the thought and purify the life of men. The second annual parish supper at St. Augustine's P. E. Church, which was a most pleasant social affair, was in commemoration of

the congregation re-entering their beautifully remodeled house of worship after a seige of hardship. The gathering brings about a more friendly feeling among the members and citizens of the community. The supper is growing more popular each year. It has become a fixed function of note among the very best people of the city. The third annual Southern dinner for the benefit of the Howard Colored Orphan Asylum, under the auspices of the Women's Auxiliary to the Board of Directors, was a financial success. The Auxiliary that was in charge of the dinner is composed of the women of both races, who seem to measure equal interest in the work of the institution. This is the largest charitable Negro work in the Borough of Brooklyn, and their liberal patronage of the dinner, as of every other appeal made by the asylum, shows a willingness and readiness of the colored community to liberally contribute to the help of the needy. Many attended the dinner in large parties, and among them were some of the best white citizens of Brooklyn.

The first autumn public meeting of Carlton Avenue Branch, Y. M. C. A., at the Fleet Street A. M. E. Zion Church, on the fourth Sunday in the month, was a fitting close to the many charitable and worthy endeavors in behalf of the men and women of this borough. The address of Secretary Hoot of the Bowery Branch Y. M. C. A. was a most earnest appeal for the uplift of young manhood.

The annual sermon to the Eleventh Brigade, U. B. B. of America, by the Rev. L. Joseph Brown, pastor of the Berean Baptist Church, and the annual

sermon to the Carthaginian Lodge of F. and A. M., also demonstrate to what extent the citizenship of Brooklyn are interested in the morals of the community. Each sermon was a master effort in behalf of the respective objects for which they were delivered. In addition to the events of interest already mentioned may be added the work of the two following charitable agencies which are accomplishing good results. The Day Nursery Association, which is composed wholly of colored women, and absolutely controlled by them, is rapidly becoming an important factor in the community. The object of this Association is to care for the children whose mothers by force of circumstances must leave the home daily in search of work, that she may help sustain the family. Here the mother may leave her offspring with full assurance that it is properly fed and cared for while she wins the bread. These little tots are received at the Nursery, 105 Fleet Place, at seven o'clock in the morning, and kept there until seven in the evening, for a mere pittance per day. The carnival given last Thursday and Friday evenings for the benefit of this object was well attended and liberally patronized. Our people are rapidly awakening to the importance of supporting various charities among them. While they are grateful for all assistance, they know the work can be more effectively done by them and they have united their hearts, joined hands and put their shoulders to the wheel and the result is not only satisfactory, but far-reaching.

The Lincoln Settlement Association,



composed of men and women of both races, is doing a most excellent work at the Settlement House, a splendid three-story and basement brick building located at 105 Fleet Place, with all modern improvements and well appointed. The reception last Thursday evening was

a most pleasant affair, and was visited by some of the most prominent white citizens of Brooklyn, who are not only in sympathy with such a work, but endorse it both by their frequent visits to the institution and their liberal contributions to the support of the same.

## New York Has a Negro Jeweler

As you from time to time hear of some colored man or set of men embarking into some new business enterprise never before attempted, it will doubtless be a surprise to many when the news is spread broadcast that New York City has a Negro jeweler, and a very young one at that. Henry O. Harding, 22 years old, is the young man who believes he can make his project a profitable one.

Jeweler Harding has an office at 16 Maiden Lane, New York City, where he will sell you from a silver-plated chain to a set of diamonds. Before entering his office the printed sign on his glass door tells you that Henry O. Harding is a dealer in diamonds, watches, jewelry and silverware.

Five years ago the jewelry firm of Marcellus-Pitt & Co. opened for business, and through the efforts of the elder Harding the son was given a position as stenographer with the new company. As the firm grew so did young Harding, who was sent to the private salesroom, where the Wall Street brokers are shown goods for purchase. The young salesman formed an acquaintance with many



HENRY O. HARDING

wealthy and influential men, and sold jewelry to Otto Heinze, banker and broker; Alfred S. Smith, banker and

broker, and Assistant District Attorney Ely. Being successful as a salesman for others, the idea came to Mr. Harding that he could do equally as well for himself, and informed his employers accordingly, who wished him good luck and a

promise to give him aid whenever he deemed it necessary. Jeweler Harding says he does not expect to be a Tiffany, but believes he will soon have a large and profitable trade.

## Fessenden Academy and Industrial School



**F**ESSENDEN Academy and Industrial School auspiciously opened its fall term the first Monday in September. Eleven competent teachers are assisting Principal Jos. L. Wiley in making this well-known Florida institution a success. This year's enrollment is the largest in the history of the academy, and prospects are bright for the Fessenden Academy ranking as one of the best and largest colored institutions in the State.

One of the splendid accessions to the institution is the new dormitory, consisting of twenty-six rooms. To every visitor the students point with pride to the Carnegie Library, a gift of the well-known philanthropist. Instructors have been secured from Fisk University, Talladega College, Hampton Institute and other schools to teach agriculture, carpentry, cooking, sewing, domestic science, music, common English and high school branches.

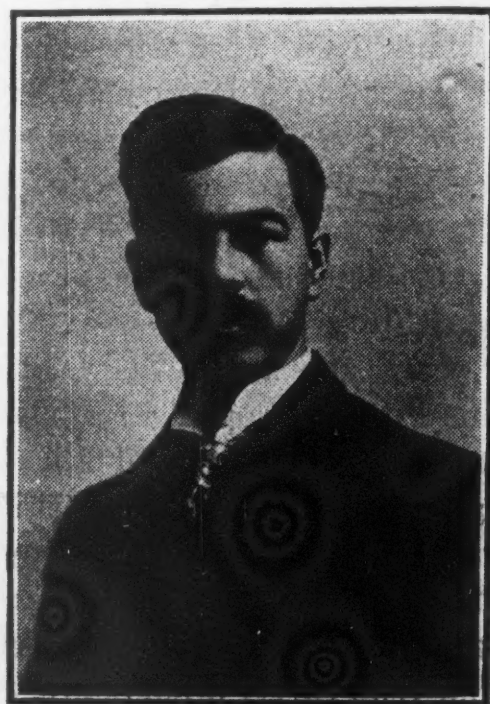
The progress of Fessenden Academy is readily shown by the following statistics:

FESSENDEN ACADEMY, 1898.

Academic building, teachers' home, 10 acres land, 3 teachers, 50 students, six grades, value of plant, \$6,000.

FESSENDEN ACADEMY AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL, 1908.

Academic building enlarged and improved; teachers home improved; 150 acres of land; 11 teachers; manual training shop; cooking department; sewing department; military drills; agricultural



**PROF. JOSEPH L. WILEY**  
Principal Fessenden Industrial School





Carnegie Building, Fessenden Academy, Fessenden, Fla.

department; Carnegie building for library and dormitory; boys' dormitory for 48; girls' dormitory for 38; boarding department (added in ten years five two-story buildings and four smaller houses); value of plant, \$25,000; students, 300; normal department (13 grades in Academy's academic library course); thirteen graduates; property fenced; recognized by Slater Board; recognized by State of Florida; recognized by County Board of Public Instruction; students from various sections; teachers' training; Beard Literary Society; Y. M. C. A.; Y. P. S. C. E. Society; Sunday School; music department;.

The present needs are: Girls' dormitory; primary building; a barn; equipment for domestic science rooms; a saw mill; equipment for blacksmith shop; four mules; farm tools; books for li-

brary; furniture for 26 dormitory rooms; fixtures for library.

The \$7,000 library building recently finished is the gift of that big-hearted man, Dr. Andrew Carnegie, of New York City. It was wholly constructed by Negro workmen. Negroes cut the trees, bore off the lumber, did the brick work, carpentry, painting and practically everything needed to complete it. The inside and the outside finish are very beautiful and show taste, economy and utility—all were well united in the erection of this house. It is three stories high with a large basement. The library room is very artistically designed. The building also contains provision rooms for the practical work of cooking, sewing, housekeeping, laundry work, and, on the other hand, works of Socrates and Solomon and all others, good and wise,

can be read. It has twenty rooms.

Fessenden Academy has 150 acres of land, dormitories for girls and boys, an enrollment of quite 300 and an industrial department that teaches carpentry,

sewing, cooking, agriculture, and an academic course that carries thirteen grades. It had ten teachers during the year 1908. Principal J. L. Wiley is a graduate of Fisk.

## Guests Unexpected

### A Thanksgiving Story

By MISS MAUDE K. GRIFFIN

Ina Scott-Craven settled among the rich cushions of her luxurious divan with a distinct sense of well-being. She was a widow with a generous income, left by a man whom she married solely because he was rich. Mr. Scott-Craven had been a very convenient husband, generous and indulgent; so she bore him no grudge when he died a few years after their marriage, leaving her free and contented with life.

In society Mrs. Scott-Craven was neither popular nor unpopular; the paragraphs for which she furnished comment in the smart weeklies devoted more space to her bridge and motor achievements than to her dinners and receptions. She was extremely selfish, but not ill-natured. Her conversation never expanded beyond the recognized topics of the day in her set, racing, chifions, bridge and motoring, with stray remarks on new books, plays and spicy gossip on the marriages, deaths, debts and divorces of her dearest friends and acquaintances.

Among the new books lately received by Mrs. Scott-Craven was one devoted to the slums, sent by a new acquaintance. The author was soon to lecture in a fashionable drawing-room, and in order to

converse intelligently with her during the subsequent reception Mrs. Scott-Craven deemed it the correct thing to skim through the pages of her gift.

The book was written in the most lurid vein, the heroes and heroines being represented as hopelessly wicked, the men drunken and brutal; the women miserable in appearance and light in conduct.

A perusal of the chapters did not increase Mrs. Scott-Craven's charity nor was she inspired with a desire to help humanity. The pleadings of the author were overdone and she turned with loathing from the description of a state of things which can only be described as bestial, remarking, "How dreadful!"

A servant entered to interrupt her thoughts, and noticing a frown upon the none too handsome countenance of her mistress, hastened to announce that the decorators had finished their work of preparing the dining and reception rooms for the Thanksgiving dinner dance to take place on the following day.

"Very well, Juliette," said Mrs. Scott-Craven. "Tell the decorators to go, and if there are later changes I will telephone for them to return. And, by the way, Juliette," continued the mistress, "you



need not come again for two hours. I do not feel well, and hope to go to sleep before dressing for Mrs. Barlow's dinner this evening."

Juliette, a demure damsel, with a coquettish expression in her small, dark eyes, retired, closing the door softly.

Mrs. Scott-Craven, conscious of the luxury of oncoming sleep, reclined deeper among the cushions and straightened out the folds of the beautiful Persian silk dressing gown, which had been a gift from her late husband. The richness of the gown made her think of the donor in a desultory way, but soon she ceased to think connectedly; a great whiteness seemed to spread around her and sleep coursed warmly through her veins.

In her subconsciousness Mrs. Scott-Craven saw gradually moving toward her divan a tall, white-clad form, like that of a conventional male angel with great white feather wings. He was the conventional angel of pictorial art, and yet he reminded her, whimsically enough, of a handsome young man whom she had noticed with the author of the book on slum life a few days ago.

"You must come with me," said the angel, with an air of authority, and she rose upward, followed him without further protest. It was not until they arrived in a strange section of the city that it occurred to her she was attired in dressing gown and slippers. But she was under the influence of the angel and powerless to help herself or offer the least resistance. The streets were narrow and dirty, and the rookeries parading under the names of tenements ill-

smelling and stuffy. Following her guide, without a question, she ascended four or five flights of break-neck steps, finally reaching a squalid apartment of two rooms which they entered without the formality of a knock at the door.

On a couch lay a woman, not older than forty-two or three years, though wasted by disease until she appeared sixty. Three small children, the picture of poverty, were gazing pitifully into her face, one of them crying for a piece of bread. An old stove in a corner of the room contained an ordinary bit of candle, which sent out the only heat the occupants of the room felt, while furnishing light at the same time.

Mrs. Scott-Craven, obeying a motion command of the angel, surveyed the dismal picture and her heart sank within her.

Hearing a slight sigh from another corner of the room, she turned to see from whom it escaped, astonished to recognize—as well as she could by the miserable candle light—the figure of a beautiful young girl snuggling to her breast, in an effort to keep it warm, a young baby. Her hair was fluffed out on either side of her head, covering the top halves of her ears, and caught up at the back in an unpretentious knot. Her features were thin, but beautiful, her eyes a mystery, her mouth a flower and her hands, despite the signs of hard work, well shaped and well kept. The expression she wore was one of indescribable sadness; one could easily guess that the responsibility of the entire household devolved upon her and the task was too

much for her strength as well as the little money she received for the two or three days' work she was fortunate enough to secure every week.

Mrs. Scott-Craven finally perceived that the little group noticed neither her, her strange attire nor her stranger companion. She evidently was in the spirit world. What would happen next?

The angel left the dingy little tenement, walking a little in front of her, but moving along with swift even strides. Gaining the street, she was led through first one alley and another, interrupting their walks with visits to homes each worse than the preceding one.

Thoroughly frightened and sick at heart, she summoned courage and said:

"I wish you would tell me the meaning of all this? Am I mad or are these people merely visionaries?"

For answer the angel took her by the hand, spread his great bird-like wings and for one giddy moment they hung in space.

"Br-rr, it is freezing here," cried the terrified Mrs. Scott-Craven; "my dressing gown has shrunk to my ankles and the pattern has all washed out. An air journey is worse than traveling through the frightful streets below."

"It is not an air journey," replied the angel. "It is your mental atmosphere. If your inner life had been large and full and beautiful, your outer covering would have been luxuriant. As you may be said to have had no inner life at all, your mental poverty is shown in your scanty drapery. In all of your lifetime you have never made an effort to make those around you happy. The hungry you

have turned from your door; the poor you have oppressed."

Then suddenly as they had ascended, the angel released her hand and she felt herself speeding through space, helpless and alone.

"Save me! Save me!" she cried, almost paralyzed with fear.

"What is it, Madame?" asked the surprised voice of Juliette.

It was some time before Mrs. Scott-Craven realized that she had been asleep and dreaming.

A few minutes later Mrs. Scott-Craven received a call from her "Lady of the Slums," as she called the writer of the settlements. And still unstrung by the memory of her vision, she begged to be excused to keep her dinner engagement.

"I have a surprise for you, however," said she to her guest in parting. "I am recalling the invitations to my Thanksgiving dinner dance to-morrow, and my plans, without any rearrangement whatever, are subject to your disposal for your unfortunate charges. My invitations number fifty, but you can increase the number to suit your needs and in future draw upon me for any assistance needed."

The astonishment of Mrs. Scott-Craven's new friend was too great for words, but it did not compare with the sensation created by the announcement in the newspapers the next morning that one of the wealthiest women in the city, who had always attracted society's attention by her independence of action, had decided to abandon the pleasures of a fashionable life to devote her time entirely to work among the poor.



## ADVERTISEMENTS

Telephone Connection.

Hansom and Cab Service

**THOMAS L. TEN EYCK**

GENERAL EXPRESS AND TRUCKMAN

Office, 206 W. 27th STREET

NEW YORK

Furniture Removed to City or Country

MAIL ORDERS PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO

## Book and Job Printing

LET US ESTIMATE UPON YOUR WORK

## Church and Society Printing

• • A SPECIALTY • •

**THE MOORE**

Publishing <sup>and</sup> Printing Company

7 and 8 CHATHAM SQUARE, NEW YORK

**The Colored American Magazine**

7 and 8 Chatham Square, New York

FOREIGN SUBSCRIPTION \$1.50

*Enclosed find \$ \_\_\_\_\_, and I request that you send me THE  
COLORED AMERICAN MAGAZINE for this amount for \_\_\_\_\_ months  
Also send a copy to the following friends of mine:*

*Yours truly,*

Please cut out the above, fill in the blank and send it to THE COLORED AMERICAN MAGAZINE at once.



## Your Teeth

Do you give them proper attention? If not, Why not? Do you know that the health of the body depends largely upon the care of the teeth?

Good health demands thorough digestion; thorough digestion demands thorough mastication, and thorough mastication demands sound and healthy teeth. They should therefore be kept in a healthy condition so as to properly perform the function for which nature designed them. "A Hint to the Wise is Sufficient."

**DR. T. W. ROBINSON**

SURGEON DENTIST

579 Jackson Avenue, near Communipaw Avenue,

Jersey City, N. J.

20 YEAR'S PRACTICAL EXPERIENCE

Hours: 9 a. m. to 6 p. m. Special appointment for evenings and Sundays. Telephone, 462 W Bergen.

In answering advertisement, please mention this Magazine

ADVERTISEMENTS

# THE VIRGINIA TRANSFER CO.

453 SEVENTH AVE., NEW YORK, N. Y.



ONE GOOD INVESTMENT IS WORTH A LIFETIME OF LABOR. DID YOU EVER GIVE IT A THOUGHT? . .

**T**HE Virginia Transfer Company of 453 Seventh Avenue, New York City, is offering a small block of its Capital Stock at **\$5.00 per share**, full paid and non-assessable. This is one of the most progressive enterprises operated by our people in the city. This company is not an experiment; it is a well-managed business enterprise. It pays its stockholders a good substantial dividend each year. The Company's business has outgrown its present quarters and must increase its working facilities. We cannot tell you all about the possibilities of this Company in an advertisement. Write us for our Prospectus, giving you full particulars.

## OFFICERS

|                                |                                  |
|--------------------------------|----------------------------------|
| BENJAMIN A. GREEN, President   |                                  |
| ARTHUR HEBBONS, Vice-President | GEORGE W. WYNN                   |
| ALEXANDER MASON, Treasurer     | 74 West 134th St. General Agents |
| ANDREW J. BRANIC, Secretary    | JOHN WILLIAMS                    |

## DIRECTORS

|                   |                 |                   |
|-------------------|-----------------|-------------------|
| WILLIAM H. PRIDE  | WILSON WOODFORK | BENJAMIN A. GREEN |
| HENRY SHIELDS     | FOSTER JAMES    | ELBERT L. MASON   |
| T. ARTHUR HEBBONS | ALEXANDER MASON | ANDREW J. BRANIC  |



## New Building for Roger Williams University

The trustees of Roger Williams University are erecting a new building for the university. Work has already begun on the foundations for a new dormitory to cost at least \$10,000. The plans for this new building were drawn by one of the best architects in the country, and he has been secured to superintend the work from beginning to end. It is the desire of the trustees to have the foundation completed by the time that the Baptist State Convention meets and to give the messengers to that convention an opportunity to participate in laying the cornerstone. Their intention is to push the work as rapidly as possible, in order that they may have this building for the accommodation of the large number of students that desire to attend the school next year. This increases the demand for liberal contributions from all the churches in the State. The American Baptist Home Mission Society has agreed to donate two thousand five hun-

dred dollars of its appropriation every time the trustees raise one thousand dollars. This means that if they raise three thousand dollars at the coming session of the convention they will have in hand ten thousand five hundred dollars, or quite enough to complete the building. This is our opportunity. The trustees, in a letter recently issued, said: In God's name let us improve it. The Lord has set before us an open door; let us arise and walk therein. Let the Negro Baptists of Tennessee get up and do their duty. Let the pastors of our churches take the educational work of the denomination on their hearts; let them make liberal donations themselves, and plead with their people to imitate their good example. Let us so plan and give that when the convention closes on the 26th day of July, we will be able to hand the Board of Trustees the required three thousand dollars.



THE MAGIC IS TWO TIMES LARGER THAN PICTURE - IT IS 9 IN LONG  
STEEL HEATING BAR

SHAMPOO DRIER MFG. CO.  
MINNEAPOLIS MINN.

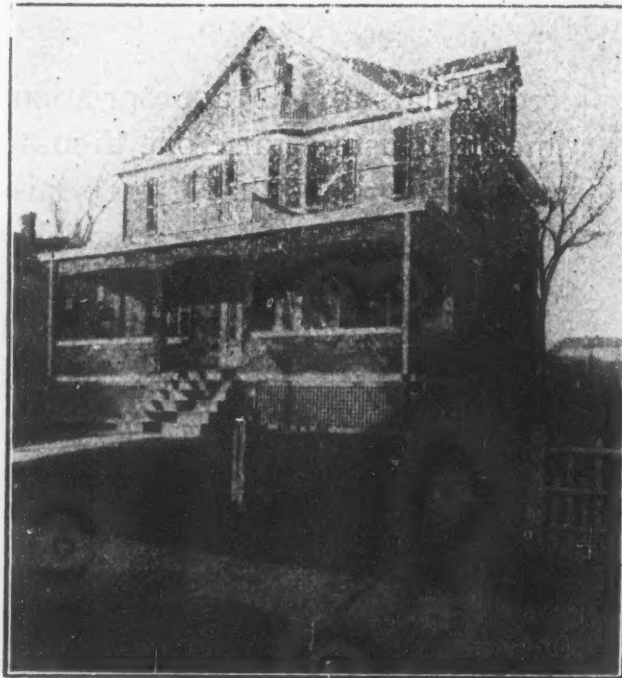
ALUMINUM COMB

**THE MAGIC SHAMPOO DRIER AND HAIR STRAIGHTENER**

**MAILED ANYWHERE IN U.S. \$1.00**  
POSTAGE PAID -  
SEND MONEY BY POST OFFICE MONEY ORDER.  
THE COMB NEVER GETS HOT -  
ALL HEAT CONFINED TO BAR

Address all letters to Magic Shampoo Drier Co., Minneapolis, Minn.

## Does Your Money Work for You?



HOUSE BUILT BY THE COMPANY

If not, put it to work where it will bring you an income. The small interest paid on deposits in banks is not enough when SEVEN PER CENT. may be had by an investment in the stock of the METROPOLITAN MERCANTILE & REALTY COMPANY. This COMPANY was founded in 1900 in New York City, and its business has developed rapidly until now it extends over a territory of twenty-two (22) states. The stock is the best security of its kind, offered to the small investor. The ASSETS of the COMPANY for the last fiscal year was \$985,932.30, which included nearly one-half million dollars in real estate. Its surplus is \$869,158.30. Its record has caused it to be regarded as

### The Gibraltar of Negro Companies

The stock is now selling at its par value \$25 per share, and can be had in blocks of five shares and upward. Terms cash or instalment. Investigate it for yourself.

Houses bought or built to order on easy terms. Ten Dollars will start you on the road to be your own landlord. Send for maps and particulars. Call or address the Home Office.

**T**HE success of the work in the different States proves that we are giving the people what they want. We own over \$500,000 worth of real estate. A large Grocery Store in Plainfield, N. J.; a large Department Store in Baltimore, Md.; and will soon open in the City of New York, the largest Department Store in the world operated by Negroes. A large Insurance Department which has written over \$4,000,000 worth of Insurance and a bank that is doing a successful business in Savannah, Ga., is included in the Company's vast interests. We have erected buildings from \$500 up to \$17,000. Over \$800,000 worth of our stock is in the hands of our people.

These are figures worth considering, as they show what a power for good the Company is.

We give employment to hundreds of our stockholders, as mechanics, clerks, bookkeepers, agents, managers, tellers, cashiers, messengers, stenographers and architects.

Our Capital Stock is \$1,000,000, Bond Issue \$50,000.

Stock is now selling at \$25.00 per share. Par value, \$25.00. Formerly sold at \$5.00 per share. Bonds are selling for \$10.00 each.

Order Now While Stock Can Be Bought at \$25.00

### Metropolitan Mercantile & Realty Co.

HOME OFFICE

EIGHTH AVENUE and 46th STREET, New York City, N. Y.

Telephone, 3616 Bryant

BRANCHES

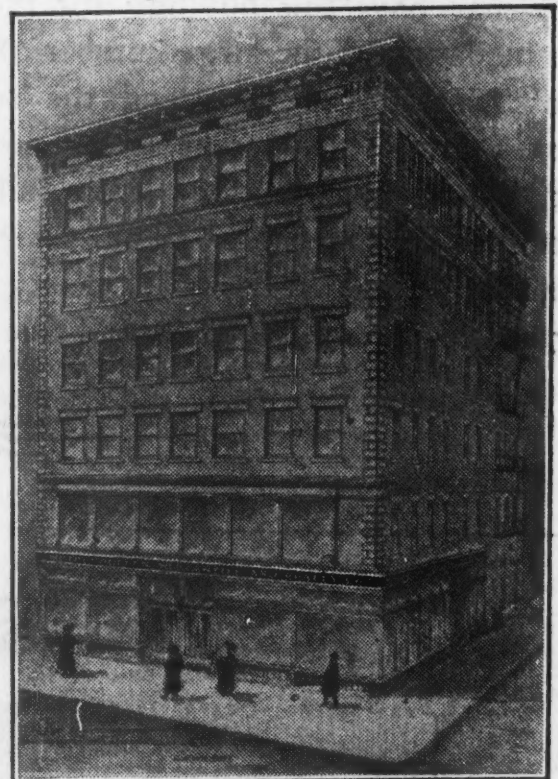
BOSTON  
ATLANTA

PHILADELPHIA  
SAVANNAH

PITTSBURG  
CHARLESTON

CHICAGO  
BIRMINGHAM

P. SHERIDAN BALL   L. C. COLLINS   JOHN H. ATKINS  
President   Secretary   Treasurer



HOME OFFICE



ADVERTISEMENTS

If You Feel the Strain,

and most men and women in these days of feverish activity do, get

## The Efficient Life

BY LUTHER HALSEY GULICK

A new kind of practical, common-sense book written by a physician of high standing, which tells how to manage one's self so as to get the best results from body and mind. \$1.30 postpaid.

DOUBLEDAY, PAGE & CO.,  
133 E. 16th Street, New York City,

C. A. 6-08

Enclosed find \_\_\_\_\_ for which send me \_\_\_\_\_ copies  
of "The Efficient Life"

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

## ...THE TOGGERY...

*Gents' Furnishing Goods*

*Hats and Caps* ~ ~

*Styles Up-to-Date*

1724 SEVENTH STREET

H. W. JONES, *Proprietor.*

OAKLAND, CAL.

In answering advertisements, please mention this Magazine

ADVERTISEMENTS

**The Oldest and Largest in the United States !**



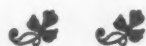
**Faulkner's News Agency**  
**A RELIABLE PLACE**

Dealing in all the leading Race Papers,  
Standard Periodicals and the best Books by lead-  
ing authors. A large stock of Music of all kinds.

Call and view the Race Art Department.

You can order by mail any of the above  
articles, as our system is reliable.

You will also find Notions, Stationery, Cigars  
and Tobacco.



**E. H. FAULKNER, Prop.**

**3105 State Street,**

**Chicago, Ill.**

---

In answering advertisements, please mention this Magazine



ADVERTISEMENTS

## Do You Want Your Money to Make Money?

Stop worrying about the future, and invest in the largest company of its kind in the world. Your money is worth more than 3 and 4 per cent. Are you getting it? The best and biggest proposition in the world; try it now. 6 and 7 per cent. guaranteed. Our plan is easy. This is your opportunity. Don't wait—investigate at once. Address

**I. L. MOORMAN, 4 & 5 Court Square, Jefferson Bldg.,**  
 'PHONE, 6538 MAIN **BROOKLYN, N. Y., Room 53**

'PHONE 4467 BRYANT

## YOUNG

### THE HAT RENOVATOR

### Ladies' and Gent's Tailor

**412 WEST 42nd STREET**  
**Near Broadway NEW YORK**

Ladies' own material made up  
 at reasonable prices. Cleaning  
 Dyeing, Alterations a Specialty  
 Write or Call. Estimates cheer-  
 fully given.

The Fastest Straw and Panama Hat Cleaning Establishment in the World

The Problem of has never been  
 the 20th Century <sup>so eloquently</sup> treated as in

## THE SOULS OF BLACK FOLK

By WM. E. B. DuBOIS

Seven Editions Published.  
 \$1.20; Postpaid, \$1.30;  
 of All Booksellers.

**A. C. McCLURG & CO.**  
 Publishers, CHICAGO.

**WANT AGENTS TO SELL GREAT SPEECH**  
**IN PAMPHLET FORM.**  
 Tribute to Dr. Booker T. Washington. A stalwart de-  
 fense of his work and his worth. The greatest tribute  
 ever paid to a negro. By Atty. A. H. Roberts, of Chicago.  
 Special terms to Agents. Price 15 cts.  
 Address Dr. M. A. Majors, 165 State St., Chicago, Ill.

## —THE— Colored American Magazine

### ADVERTISING RATES:

Size of Page 5x8 Inches.

#### FOR ONE INSERTION

|                 |         |         |
|-----------------|---------|---------|
| Eighth of Page, | - - - - | \$ 4.00 |
| Quarter Page,   | - - - - | 8.00    |
| Half Page,      | - - - - | 10.00   |
| One Page,       | - - - - | 15.00   |
| Outside Cover   | - - - - | 40.00   |

All advertisements occupying less than one-eighth of  
 a page will be charged for at the rate of 25 cents an  
 Agate line and no advertisement of less than three lines  
 accepted.

Price for preferred location will be given on applica-  
 tion. Cash required with order.

**FRED. R. MOORE, Editor**

**7-8 Chatham Square**

**NEW YORK**

In answering advertisements please mention this Magazine

ADVERTISEMENTS

## Colored Skin Made Lighter

For hundreds of years science has been experimenting to find something to make dark skin lighter colored. At last

### "COMPLEXION WONDER"

has been discovered. Every time it is applied, it brings a lighter natural color to any dark skin. It improves a colored countenance like magic

**Fifty Cents**

Another preparation indispensable for colored people (white people also) is

### "ODOR WONDER"

This toilet preparation prevents perspiration odor and envelopes personality with immaculate daintiness

### "ODOR WONDER"

will make anyone physically acceptable in society or business circles. Our men customers secure better positions in banks, clubs, business houses. Our women customers advance faster in life, **\$1.00.**

### THE CHEMICAL WONDER CO.

has another discovery which delights colored people. It is

### "WONDER UNCURL"

It uncurls the kinks of the hair and makes it pliable so as to put up better. This

### "WONDER UNCURL"

and a splendid hair tonic and a magnetic metal comb are included in one box for **\$1.00.** We will send all our three specialties for **\$2.00** and guarantee they will do more to advance colored people socially and commercially than showy garments or gew gaw jewelry. Booklet free. Delivery free. Applications for agency considered.

## M. B. BERGER & Co.

2 Rector Street

New York

Selling Agent for Chemical Wonder Co.

For sale by Hegeman & Co., 155th St. and Amsterdam Ave., T. D. McCleary, 47 West 125th St., Kinsman, 125th St., and 8th Ave., Paul Westphal, 306 W. 26th St., Abraham & Straus, Brooklyn

Subscribe For

## THE NEW YORK AGE

The Leading Negro  
Newspaper. . . .

|              |          |        |
|--------------|----------|--------|
| Subscription | One Year | \$1.50 |
| "            | "        | "      |
| "            | "        | "      |
|              | Canada   | 2.00   |
|              | Foreign  | 2.50   |

Reliable Agents Wanted  
Address

Liberal Commission

NEW YORK AGE PUBLISHING CO.

7 AND 8 CHATHAM SQUARE

NEW YORK

In answering advertisements, please mention this Magazine



ADVERTISEMENTS

## Architectural Drawing and Electrical Engineering

**T**HE TUSKEGEE INSTITUTE is now offering extended courses in both theory and practice to young men anxious to secure advanced instruction in Architectural Drawing and Electrical Engineering. Persons desiring to take advanced or elementary courses in either of the subjects will find the opportunity to obtain instruction at Tuskegee Institute, such as few institutions in the country offer. There is a growing demand for young men who fit themselves, by completing the Architectural Drawing Course, to make plans for houses, and who can do the work required in Electrical Engineering. Every effort is being made to make these courses more helpful than ever before.

BOOKER T. WASHINGTON, Principal  
TUSKEGEE INSTITUTE, ALA.

MY SPECIALTY IS THE MANAGEMENT OF COLORED  
TENEMENT PROPERTY

## PHILIP A. PAYTON, JR. Real Estate and Insurance

AGENT      BROKER      APPRAISER

67 West 134th Street

New York

Telephone { 917 Harlem  
                  918

CWN TOWN OFFICE  
**Temple Court**  
Phone, 6222 Cortlandt

In answering advertisements, please mention this Magazine.



## “Dollars in Land”

is the name of our new prospectus and it presents the Best Money-making opportunity that has ever been offered to Colored Men and Women of America.

This may be a pretty strong statement, but I can prove it to you if you will let me send you this beautifully illustrated Booklet FREE. Address:

**E. C. 3 RON, President**

Box 322.

NEWPORT NEWS, VA.

# BOOK and JOB PRINTING

The Moore Publishing and  
Printing Company

Seven and Eight Chatham Square

Orders by mail executed promptly

New York City









ADVERTISEMENTS

**Dr. ROBERTS'**  
**WHITE ROSE**  
**Tooth Powder**

One of the best known  
preparations for Whitening  
and Cleaning the Teeth.

**CHAS. H. ROBERTS, D.D.S.,**  
242 West 53rd Street NEW YORK

**Let Your Money Work For You**

Why accept 3 per cent. and 4 per cent.  
from Savings Banks, when we are paying 6  
per cent. and 7 per cent. on Guaranteed In-  
vestments? Begin Now. Investments may  
be made on the Installment Plan. We have  
the best proposition on the market

Write for particulars, address

**MAXWELL**

Corner 46th Street and Eighth Avenue New York

**THE NEW YORK AGE**

The Leading Afro-American Newspaper

**\$1.50 THE YEAR**

**THE COLORED AMERICAN MAGAZINE**  
**AND THE AGE, \$2.00**

**Address THE MAGAZINE**  
**7 & 8 CHATHAM SQ., NEW YORK**

Telephone, 5574 Beckman Ninth Floor. Rooms 903-6-7

**WILFORD H. SMITH**  
**COUNSELLOR-AT-LAW**

AND PROCTOR IN ADMIRALTY

**150 NASSAU STREET**  
**NEW YORK**

**Damage Suits a Specialty**

**The Independent**

**W. O. P. SHERMAN, D.D., EDITOR**

Devoted to the Religious, Educational, Moral,  
Industrial, Economical, and Sociological  
Welfare of the Race

**\$1.00 Per Year** 34th and Reynolds Sts.  
**Box 229** SAVANNAH, GA.

**WATERMAN**

THE

**Hatter, Clothier**

**and Outfitter**

**15 Frederick Street**

**PORT OF SPAIN, TRINIDAD, B. W. I.**

Phone 2721-L Main

**JOHN B. MOSELEY**

**REAL ESTATE and INSURANCE**

Brooklyn, Flatbush and Long Island  
property a specialty. Easy payments

**164 Montague St. Brooklyn, N. Y.**

**BOYS AND GIRLS**

WANTED TO SELL

**THE COLORED AMERICAN MAGAZINE**

IN EVERY COMMUNITY. WRITE FOR TERMS

**FRED. R. MOORE, Publisher**

**7 and 8 Chatham Square**

**NEW YORK CITY**

In answering advertisements, please mention this Magazine

**PURCHASE A BOND IN**

# **The Moore Publishing and Printing Company**

**YOU CAN PAY \$2.00 MONTHLY**

Temporary receipts will be given to purchasers making monthly payments.

Bonds are redeemable in Ten (10) years—they are \$10 each.

Take one now—don't wait.

It is an investment in a growing enterprise.

You will be making possible the employment of members of the race.

Don't neglect this opportunity.

WRITE

**FRED R. MOORE**

**7 & 8 Chatham Square,**

**New York**



